

AUGUST 1961

MAGAZINE OF THE



NATIONAL SPASTICS SOCIETY

PRICE 6d

SPASTICS NEWS



NATIONAL SPASTICS SOCIETY CENTRES

NATIONAL RESIDENTIAL CENTRES

THE THOMAS DELARUE SCHOOL

Dene Park, Tonbridge, Kent.
Telephone: Tonbridge 3859.
Headmaster:
H. B. Davies, Esq., M.B.E., B.Sc.(Econ.).
Chairman of the Board of Governors:
Douglas Delarue, Esq., J.P.
Secondary Modern and Grammar Education for Spastics of 11 years and over.
Accommodation 66.

IRTON HALL SCHOOL

Holmrook, Cumberland.
Telephone: Holmrook 242.
Headmaster:
A. Lubran, Esq., M.R.S.T., A.A.O.T.
Chairman of the Management Committee:
J. D. Herd, Esq.
Education for Spastics reputed to be below average intelligence.
Accommodation: 34.

THE "SHERRARDS" TRAINING CENTRE

Digswell Hill, Welwyn, Herts.
Telephone: Welwyn Garden 2125.
Principal: E. L. Knight, Esq.
Chairman of the Management Committee:
The Hon. Lady Bowes Lyon.
Vocational Training Centre for young adult Spastics.
Accommodation: 31.

PRESTED HALL & THE GRANGE

Feering, Kelvedon, Essex.
Telephone: Kelvedon 482.
Warden: J. H. Watson, Esq.
Chairman of the Management Committee:
Miss Mary Ruck, R.R.C.
Residential Centre for Spastics aged from 25 to 40 years. Accommodation: 31.

THE GRANGE:

High Street, Kelvedon.
Accommodates 13 Spastics over the age of 40 years.

NATIONAL HOLIDAY HOTELS

ARUNDEL PRIVATE HOTEL

23, The Leas, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Telephone: Southend 476351.
Manageress: Miss M. Burden.
Chairman of the Management Committee:
H. F. Savage, Esq., J.P.
Hotel for Spastics and accompanying relatives or friends. Accommodation: 19.
Write to Manageress for bookings.

S.O.S. HOLIDAY HOTEL FOR SPASTIC CHILDREN

Colwall Court, Bexhill.
Telephone: Bexhill 1491.
Manager: F. E. Chappell, Esq.
Chairman of the Management Committee:
David Jacobs, Esq.
Accommodation: 23.

THE CRAIG-Y-PARC SCHOOL

Penttyrch, Nr. Cardiff.
Telephone: Penttyrch 397.
Headmistress:
Mrs. C. M. Kearslake.
Chairman of the Management Committee:
Miss M. B. Jowett, M.B.E.
Primary Education for Spastics between 5 and 16 years.
Accommodation 49.

HAWKSWORTH HALL

Guisley, Leeds, Yorks.
Telephone: Guisley 2914.
Principal: J. D. Johnson, Esq.
Assessment Centre for Spastic children between 5 and 13 years.
Accommodation: 24.

DARESBURY HALL RESIDENTIAL CENTRE

Daresbury, Nr. Warrington, Lancs.
Telephone: Moore 359.
Warden: F. W. Bellman, Esq.
Chairman of the Management Committee:
George Evans, Esq.
Residential Centre for Male Spastics aged from 16 to 35 years.
Accommodation: 26.

THE WILFRED PICKLES' SCHOOL

Tixover Grange, Duddington, Nr. Stamford.
Telephone: Duddington 212.
Headmaster:
R. A. Pedder, Esq.
Chairman of the Management Committee:
Eric Smith, Esq.
Primary Education for Spastics between 5 and 16 years.
Accommodation: 60, 12 Day Pupils.

COOMBE FARM RESIDENTIAL CENTRE

Oaks Road, Croydon, Surrey.
Telephone: Addiscombe 2310.
Warden: F. W. Bowyer, Esq., M.A.
Chairman of the Management Committee:
R. Meek, Esq.
Residential Centre for Spastics aged from 16 to 25 years. Accommodation: 41.

LOCAL CENTRES AND CLINICS

In close co-operation with Local Authorities and/or Hospital Management Committees, the following Groups provide or assist special schools and/or treatment centres:

Hull	Portsmouth
Northampton	Reading
Nottingham	Southend-on-Sea
Pontefract	

Working independently, the following Groups have set up special schools or treatment centres:

Birkenhead	Leicester
Bolton	Plymouth
Cheltenham	Stockport

Operating entirely by voluntary contributions, the following Groups have treatment centres with or without nursery

classes. Some of these centres operate every day, others only part time:

Bedford	North Stafford (Stoke)
Bridgwater	Oldham
Chesterfield	Oxford
Croydon	Poole and Bournemouth
Epping Forest	Sale
Gillingham	South West Middlesex
Grimsby	South West Surrey
Ipswich	Swansea
Luton	Urmston
Maidstone	Wycombe and District
North London	York

The following Groups have, what might be termed, special occupation centres and, in some cases, treatment is available together with speech therapy:

Brighton	Ilford
Bristol	Scunthorpe
Cardiff	Southampton
Crewe	Southend
Dudley	

What might be termed Welfare Departments, mainly designed to assist older Spastics, are operated by the following:

Bradford	Nottingham
Halifax	Widnes
N.W. London	

Work centres, varying in scope, have been opened for adults by the following:

Bedford	Kingston-on-Thames
Croydon	N.W. Kent (Erith)
Central Middlesex	Stockport
Central Surrey	Swansea

Holiday homes are run by the following Groups:

Cumberland, Westmorland and Furness, at Allonby, Maryport; Hull at Bridlington.

IN THIS ISSUE

Editor: Margaret Gill

Vol. VII No. 8	August, 1961
For Your Diary	3
How to build up your Group ...	4
From the Mailbag	5
Country Wide	6
News in Brief	8
Personality Parade	10
Danish Delight, by J. Loggie Wood ...	11
The Tees-side Spastic Treatment Unit	12
Scouts and Scouting	14
Huddersfield & District—Re-affiliation	15
Women in Mind—Spotlight on an Equestrienne	16
Employment Corner	18
Crossword Puzzle No. 16	18
I Can Manage, by Dora Howell—Serial	19
Group Alterations	22
Classified Ads.	22
N.S.S. Regions	23

FRONT COVER

WATER BABIES

HHEY FELLAS! Come on in. This water's great, just great. If you don't go in too far you can stand in it on all fours and still keep your back in the sun. Elephants have nothing on us. They might have long trunks but I just put my head right in the sea and the water trickles down on its own.

Of course it spoils a chap's hair but then there's always nurse or mother to dry it for you, isn't there?

My friend here may not be able to see the water but she can feel it all right—and just dig the sound of those waves! Makes a fella feel it's great to be alive.

Have a good holiday yourself!"

[These water babes are two of the spastic children from Hamilton House enjoying the sea at Brighton].

(Solution to July Crossword)

ACROSS	DOWN
1. Lupine	1. Light
7. Caraway	2. Paste
8. Gossip	3. Noise
9. Eric	4. Hairbrush
10. Thebes	5. Sanctuary
14. Tope	6. Makepeace
15. Corfu	11. Half-Light
16. Plus	12. Bystander
17. Adam	13. Scapegoat
18. Tapes	21. Orion
19. Elia	22. Drift
20. Hoyden	23. Nasty
24. Nigh	
25. Sirius	
26. Cheetah	
27. Snotty	

FOR YOUR DIARY

MR. WILLIAM HARGREAVES, the Industrial Liaison Officer will be at the Assessment Course X at Ivy-bridge, Devon, until August 11, and the remainder of August will be on holiday.

MISS SHIRLEY KEENE, the Society's Lecturer, has the following engagements (these bookings are subject to alteration):

August 1st, and 2nd. Vocational Assessment Course, Ivybridge.

August 4th, 1 p.m. The Rotary Club of Abingdon, The Roysse Room, the Guild-hall, Abingdon, Berks.

September 7th, 2.30 p.m. Romford Branch Women's Gas Federation, Red Cross Hall, Seymour Road, Romford, Essex.

September 8th, 8.30 p.m. Old Coulsdon Evening Townswomen's Guild, St. John's Hall, Bradmore Green, Old Coulsdon, Surrey.

September 11th, 1 p.m. Rotary Club of Willesden West, "The Spotted Dog", High Road, Willesden Green.

September 12th, 2.30 p.m. Burnham Town Women's Guild, Burnham, Bucks.

September 19th, 3 p.m. Women's League, Winchmore Hill Congregational Church, Winchmore Hill, N.21.

September 21st, 8 p.m. Public Meeting organised by Bromley and District Spastics Group (venue not known).

September 26th, 3 p.m. Women's Guild, Mile House, Plymouth.

September 27th, 8 p.m. The Friends of the Spastics Society in Hull and District.

September 29th, 2.15 p.m. Young Wives Bexleyheath Methodist Church, Bexleyheath, Kent.

NATIONAL SPASTICS SOCIETY

Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act, 1948

28 FITZROY SQUARE
LONDON, W.1.

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H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

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A DOZEN WAYS TO BUILD UP YOUR GROUP

1. Don't come to meetings.
2. If you do come, come late.
3. If the weather does not suit you, don't think of coming.
4. If you do attend a meeting, find fault with the work of the officers and other members.
5. Never accept an office, as it is easier to criticise than to do things.
6. Nevertheless, get sore if you are not appointed on a committee.
7. If you are, do not attend committee meetings.
8. If asked by the President to give your opinion regarding some important matter, tell him you prefer to sit on the fence. After the meeting tell everyone how things ought to be done.
9. Do nothing more than is absolutely necessary, but when some other members roll up their sleeves and unselfishly use their ability to help matters along, howl that the group is run by a clique.
10. Don't bother about getting new members. Let the Secretary do it.
11. When a bun-fight is being given, tell everybody money is being wasted on blow-outs which make a big noise and accomplish nothing.
12. When no bun-fights are given say the group is dead.

P.S. SOME GROUP MEMBERS HAVE TRIED ALL
THESE WAYS

from the Mailbag



DELARUE TRIBUTE

Dear Editor,

I am sure your readers will be pleased to hear of a fine tribute to the work of the Thomas Delarue School. Mrs. Josephine Campsie, who works at the school as an Amenuensis, presented me with a cheque for £100 at Speech Day last Saturday. She had raised this amount for the School Amenity Fund in only nine weeks by organising various functions and other money raising efforts. She was so impressed with the work she had seen at the school during the past twelve months that she set herself the target of £100 to be raised entirely by her own initiative. It was a remarkable achievement to raise this substantial amount in so short a time, and yet another of very many examples of generosity and encouragement received from the great number of friends of the school. I am sure this is the result of the rewarding work being carried on by all the members of the staff under the able leadership of the headmaster.

Yours sincerely,

DOUGLAS DELARUE,

Chairman of the Governors.

[A report of the Speech Day appears on page 7-Ed.].

STARRED HOTEL

Dear Sir,

My daughter and I have just returned from a fortnight at Colwall Court, and we both feel we should like to say how much we enjoyed being there.

We started our holiday under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Marsh whom I understand opened the hotel. They have collected a grand staff; house mothers, chef, kitchen staff, nurse, and young Paul Robson, a house father who is really splendid.

To Mr. and Mrs. Chappell, who took us during our second week, I wish every possible success. I would like to suggest, when next the bathrooms are decorated, that a 3 ft. rail, like all the other rails, is placed in each. This makes it easy to dress, dry or undress those spastics (of whom my daughter is one) who cannot stand without something to hold on to.

We hope to return, and have reserved

a possible date in September for another ten days.

Colwall Court is far better than most three star hotels.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) ROBSON,
Scarcroft,
Nr. Leeds.

[The above letter was addressed to Mr. David Jacobs, chairman of the Colwall Court Management Committee. The hotel still has vacancies for this August and September.—Ed.].

SWEET MUSIC!

Dear Editor,

I gather from a number of letters of inquiry that have arrived lately quoting the SPASTICS NEWS that you must have again been very kind to our Society. I should like to thank you very much for your help which is certainly most effective.

Two weeks ago I went to the West counties on a short tour giving lectures and demonstrations on music therapy and visited Dame Hannah Rogers School, which is affiliated to your N.S.S. I had a most interesting time there, working with the children and speaking to the staff, and was very impressed by what I saw.

I should be very glad to receive the SPASTICS NEWS regularly, since I am personally interested in your news.

With renewed thanks,

Yours sincerely,
(Miss)

JULIETTE ALVIN,
Hon. Secretary,
Society for Music
Therapy and
Remedial Music.

TRANSPORT NEEDED

Dear Editor,

A short time ago I appealed to the public for assistance in conveying the handicapped people to and from the Midland Spastic Association's centre in Harborne. The response was most encouraging and I express our deep gratitude to all who came forward with offers of help.

The response was almost sufficient to meet our immediate needs. But we still have a few teenage spastics who could come along to our Youth Club on Friday evenings if transport were available.

I wonder if there are any among your readers who could help on this particular evening? Perhaps anyone interested would contact me at 13a Victoria Road, Harborne, Birmingham 17.

Sincerely,

W. H. HOBBS,

Chairman,

Midland Spastic Association.


Yours ...

for a better letter

'Harley' Bond

a high quality

notepaper



PADS FROM 10d
ENVELOPES FROM 6d

MDH 1385

COUNTRY WIDE *From our roving reporter*



CHRISTMAS CARDS

Big Selection This Year

CARDS IN EVEN WIDER VARIETY than before will be sold this year in aid of the N.S.S. by Sundew Cards.

Some are actually being printed by spastics themselves in their own homes and they are producing work of a high standard. Others are designs specially selected for business houses, professional and private individuals and there are also attractive designs for children.

Prices range from 2s. 6d. to 1s. 6d. for a packet of six, including envelopes.

The six different designs for business house cards have been specially selected by the well-known design consultant, Mr. F. H. K. Henrion, M.B.E., for the N.S.S. from superb old master paintings in the National Gallery. Four of these are of religious subjects and are printed at 1s. 3d. each, in full colour.

Printed by Spastics

The cards printed by spastics which will be details from famous Albrecht Dürer drawings in black and white and also,

as a contrast, gaily coloured contemporary designs will be priced at 6d. each.

There are other religious subjects, the ever popular conventional snow scenes and "glitter" cards, all in colour—in fact a wide selection for everyone.

An illustrated leaflet giving full details of designs, sizes and prices of all the cards is available from Sundew Cards, 32 The Mall, Ealing, London, W.5.

Cards obtainable from Sundew Cards, your local group or Friends of Spastics League Football Pool Agent.

It is hoped that this year we shall break all previous records with sales.

"Thomas Delarue" Speech Day

The combined secondary and grammar school at Tonbridge, had now ceased to be simply an experiment. So said Prof. Alan Moncrieff, Director and Nuffield Professor of Child Health at London University, at the school's Speech Day. Mr. A. D. Delarue, chairman of the governing board said, "Results speak for themselves," and Mr. H. Davies, the head, who has recently been awarded the M.B.E., had met with some wonderful success.

The school had now launched into its second part of the decade. The roll was 67 and they were "bulging at the seams". The waiting list would not be taken in within the next year.

Mr. Davies will remain head until the new school has been built and until autumn 1964. After that he will retire.

"Wilfred Pickles" Speech Day

Saturday, July 8, was chosen for The Wilfred Pickles School Speech Day and Prize-giving. Handing out those long-coveted gifts was The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Gainsborough. Some charming songs and recitation by the children wound up what was a most enjoyable afternoon.

Ilford Extends Its Boundaries

Ilford has extended its boundaries to include Romford and will henceforth be known as Ilford, Romford & District

Spastics Association. Their first meeting will be at the Laurie Hall on September 21, when it is hoped to have the Mayor as chairman. The meeting wishes to offer to Romford spastics all the benefits enjoyed by their children.

Mother and Baby Exhibition

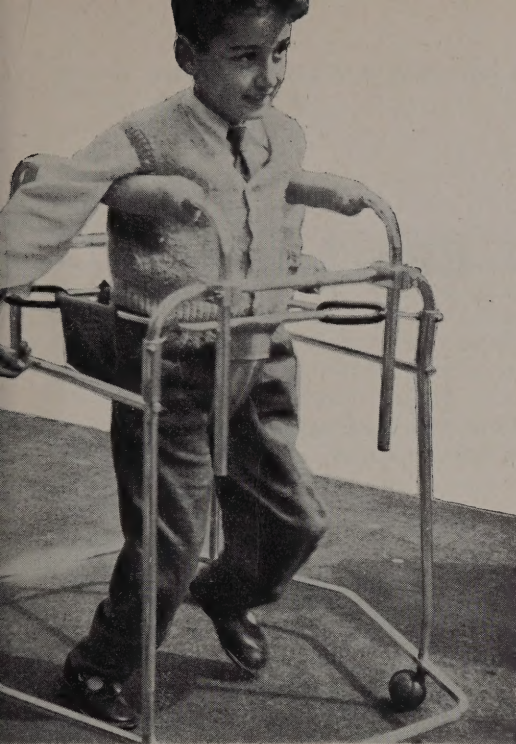
The N.S.S. had a stand at the Mother and Baby Exhibition held at Central Hall, Westminster, from July 7-15. Sponsored by the National Baby Welfare Council (Patron is H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester) the exhibition was the first of its kind, and hoped to help mothers and fathers both present and future in their choice of goods, the care, feeding, clothing and education of their children.

On the Society's stand were a variety of goods, of a high standard and at competitive cost, made by spastics in their own homes as well as display stands showing photographs of the work done by the N.S.S.

Jersey Holiday

A long awaited fortnight's holiday in Jersey was a recent very happy event for a group of spastics from all over the country. The party, which arrived in a Jersey Airlines Herald from Gatwick, numbered 28. The holidays are organised by the Jersey branch of the N.S.S.

During their stay the visitors were "royally" entertained, and the grand finale was an open-air barbecue.



New Horizons

Eleven-year-old Marx Longstone, who has been at Irton Hall School for two years, is walking on his own, helped by the enthusiasm of a group of apprentices at High Duty Alloys Ltd., Distington, Cumberland.

Says Mr. A. Lubran, the headmaster, "When he first came here Marx was practically helpless and confined to a wheelchair. Patient treatment helped to straighten out and strengthen his

legs. Then a specially designed electrically driven chair was given to him. For the first time in his life he was able to get about independently."

His grandmother thought up the idea of a supporting machine on wheels, rather like a baby's toddling carriage, on which he could lean his weight and trundle around on his frail legs. The prototype made by a local blacksmith was too heavy, so the apprentices came to the rescue. Taking the design they made a walking aid weighing only eight pounds, clubbing together to buy special wheels.

Back at the school a canvas bucket seat was fitted and with a little practice Marx was soon able to control the machine.

Our Boxes are Everywhere

Visitors to the Jewel House at the Tower of London will not be able to miss the N.S.S. collecting box which is placed at the entrance to the Wakefield Tower. The N.S.S. is sharing the honoured position with another well-known charity for the blind, each charity being allowed alternate weeks.

Another "box" story comes from Gagarin-country. Dr. Austin is the medical officer of the British Embassy in Moscow. For various reasons he is permitted to attend to passing Muscovites but without charging any fee; so he hit upon the idea of putting one of our collecting boxes on a ledge in the waiting space outside his consulting room!

Wonder what K's views would be if he knew that communist roubles find their way to a British charity?

Rudolph Steiner Centenary

Two days to note in your diary are September 8 and 9. On those days an exhibition by the 25 specialised Rudolf Steiner Schools and Homes for handicapped and maladjusted children has been arranged at Rudolf Steiner House, 35 Park Road, London, N.W.1.

You will be able to see artistic work of every description by handicapped and maladjusted children between the ages of 4 and 18. Six lectures by specialised teachers and doctors of some of the schools and homes; several special films and a demonstration of curative Eurythmy form part of the two-day programme.

Michael Medwin's Visit

Michael Medwin the actor visited The George Inn, Wimborne, Dorset, on July 15, to thank the customers for raising more than £100 for spastics round the counter "Beacon".

This is the second large contribution that customers of the "George" have made to spastics, the Regional Officer having already received £95.

Female Footballers

An all-women football match was held at Birkenhead Park Football Ground (offered free for the occasion) last month. The proceeds are going to the Birkenhead Spastic Children's Society.

The exhibition match was between Corinthian Ladies (Manchester), holders of the European cup and winners of the International trophy, Venezuela 1960, and Nomad Ladies, winners of the runners-up trophy, Venezuela 1960. Even the kick-off was made by a woman, the Mayor of Birkenhead, Alderman Mrs. D. Melville, J.P.

Corinthian Ladies have already raised over £200,000 for charities.

Birkenhead Spastic Children's Society was formed nearly ten years ago. Its school, which is recognised by the Ministry of Education, has 12 pupils and, in addition, the Society operates a play centre for badly handicapped children.

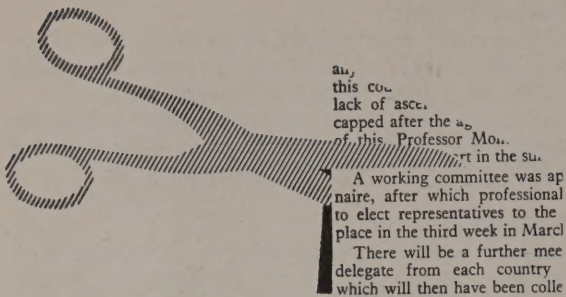
Charming smiles from two charming girls. Eleven-year-old



Brenda Yates and Virginia Spendlow who organised their own "garden party" in aid of York and District Spastics Group are pictured arranging one of their stalls in Virginia's garden. For the past three weeks the girls worked hard even printing their own programmes. Proceeds amounted to £6 13s. 0d.

Cutting the cake to mark the second anniversary of the North-West Kent Spastics Group is Mr. Edward Heath, M.B.E., M.P., president of the group, who congratulated them on their work. Their work centre now keeps nine spastics occupied and one day it is hoped to have 20. Stressing the need for helpers he said he would like to see parents whose children were away at school helping at the centre.





NEWS IN BRIEF

E. London:

A recent comedy football match, held in aid of the East London Spastic Society, was a huge success. A team from Fords Inspection Dept. played the TV Comedy Script-writers' Football Club at the Merry Fiddlers' Football Ground, Beacontree Heath. Jim Dale and Norman Chappell signed autographs. A sequel to this was the dance held at the Fords Social Club, Rush Green. Proceeds from both functions will go to provide furniture for the society's newly-acquired chalet at Leysdown, which should be completed shortly.

Maidenhead:

Members of the Maidenhead Friends of Spastics Group welcomed their youngest chairman when 19-year-old television actor, Michael Caridia, was elected. Cllr. W. Rebbettes, chairman for the past year, said he hoped the enthusiasm and energy of the junior section, with which Mr. Caridia had hitherto been associated, would be infused into the activities of the senior section. Cllr. Rebbettes agreed to act as vice-chairman during the year to help Mr. Caridia, and Mrs. Rebbettes will continue as secretary.

(Edited from the Maidenhead Advertiser.)

Croydon:

"A most frustrating year" was the report of the chairman, Miss Jean Garwood, to the annual meeting of the Croydon and District Branch of the N.S.S. Because of the acute shortage of building land in Croydon, the branch had been unable to find a site on which to erect a new centre and the present centre at Bramley Hill, South Croydon, was "bursting at the seams." Said Miss Garwood, "Because of the physical condition of the children and adults who will use it, the centre must be near a bus stop or preferably, a number of bus stops. We are looking again at our present site to see if we can rebuild there."

(Edited from the Coulsdon and Purley Times.)

York:

A site had been acquired by York Corporation for building a new diagnostic and treatment centre to replace the present premises of York and District Spastics Group, it was announced at the group's annual meeting. When the scheme is completed the group will make a capital contribution of £5,000 to the corporation, and is prepared to supplement the new services by additional amenities not normally provided by the local authority. The organising secretary, Mr. J. C. Bytheway, reporting a good year in many respects for the group, said its area stretched from Staithes to Skipsea and inland to Selby and on to Ripon and Northallerton. After a report by the hon. medical consultant, Dr. Walter Henderson, the chairman, Mr. R. I. Jillings said the good results of

the year's work had only been made possible by the efforts of the committee and co-opted members.

(Edited from the Yorkshire Evening Press.)

Hitchin:

At the barbecue and jive evening held by the Hitchin and District Friends of Spastics at the Woodside Theatre, £25 was raised. About 400 people attended and jived to the swingy music provided by "The Vikings", a local group who were on top form.

(Edited from the Hertfordshire Pictorial.)

Bristol:

St. Francis Church Hall at Horfield is to become a work centre for spastics. Bristol Planning Committee has now accepted a scheme put forward by the spastics' association. Light assembly or lathe work, such as the assembly of ball point pens will be carried about. About 30 people will be employed and a staff of 10 will be in charge.

(Edited from the Western Daily Press & Bristol Mirror.)

Brighton:

More work, more fund-raising, but an adverse balance. This was the summing-up of last year's activities of the Brighton, Hove and District Branch of the N.S.S. The year had been "full of encouragement" and the centre at Hamilton House was now open five days a week, working in close co-operation with the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children. Referring to the adverse balance the chairman said, "Your continued co-operation and financial assistance is vital to maintain and extend the much needed services of our centre."

(Edited from the Brighton and Hove Herald.)

Oxford:

Bingo! and another gift for the Oxfordshire Spastics Welfare Society. Mrs. Emily Washington, the Witney housewife who organises these drives for charity recently presented £100 to the society. This makes a total of £450 received by them, during the past year.

(Edited from the Oxford Times.)

Halstead:

The eighth A.G.M. of the Essex Group of the N.S.S. was held in the Constitutional Club, Braintree. Mr. J. C. Tiddy was in the chair and introduced Mr. H. B. Lee, F.R.C.S., orthopaedic surgeon, who gave an informative talk on the work of the spastic unit at Black Notley Hospital. Mrs. Sadie Plewis, the secretary, gave a resumé of the group's satisfactory social and financial activities during the past year. The film "Every Eight Hours" had been purchased by the

society and it was hoped to show this at public meetings during the coming year.

(Edited from the Halstead Gazette.)

Chesterfield:

What better thrill for keen cricket fan, Anthony Newton, than to receive the autographs of the Australian cricket team. Anthony's name had been drawn out of a hat containing the names of all the spastic boys in Chesterfield and district. Cricket is one of Anthony's great interests—his father is a one-time Derbyshire League cricketer and his grandfather played cricket in the Clowne League. The list of autographs was forwarded anonymously to the secretary of the society with the request that they be given to a spastic boy.

(Edited from the Derbyshire Times.)

Grantham

Grantham and District Parents' Association for all Handicapped children decided to form a sub-committee to deal solely with the affairs of spastics with a view to being affiliated to the N.S.S. The group is to be known as the Grantham and District Friends of Spastic Group.

(Edited from the Grantham Journal)

Coventry:

If time, trouble and ingenuity were to bring their just reward then Mr. John Heritage would have earned considerably more than 35s. for the Coventry and District Spastics Society at their recent fête at Meriden. Since Christmas Mr. Heritage had spent his spare time making large plates out of cigarette packets. So complex was the process that he only had time to make 14, which were sold for 2s. 6d. each. Friends from a wide area collected cigarette packets of one popular brand, and 48 packets cut to certain shapes went into making each plate, which had a base made from an old birthday or Christmas card. The connoisseurs were evidently out in force—all the plates were sold within an hour!

(Edited from the Coventry Evening Telegraph.)

Hastings:

The model windmill with revolving sails in the sunken well at White Rock Baths, Hastings, last week turned in a useful harvest for the Hastings and East Sussex Group of the N.S.S. Over £105 in coins was thrown into the wishing well. The group is planning to run a local centre and the money will go towards this.

(Edited from the Evening Argus, Sussex.)

Cumberland:

The annual sale of the Appleby branch of the Cumberland, Westmorland and Furness Spastics Society was held recently, and attracted many supporters. Fine weather favoured the event and over £85 was raised. Mr.

J. D. Herd, chairman of the spastics committee spoke of the need of these voluntary efforts. They now had 15 branches and 135 known spastics and the money helped to support the holiday home at Allonby. They were now planning to build a place for the training of adults who were unable to go into ordinary work.

(Edited from the Cumberland and Westmorland Herald)

Cardiff:

A conference which may lead to a spastics' centre being set up for the Pontypridd and Rhondda Hospital Management Committee, was called recently. Discussed in broad outline was the position of spastic children in the area and the steps that were already being taken to help them. Reports of the conference are to be circulated to the county council and the regional hospital board. The management committee are to ascertain from doctors the number of spastics in the area.

(Edited from the Western Mail, Cardiff.)

Stockport:

The Mayor of Stockport, Cllr. H. A. Walker, recently opened the new £7,000 extension to Granville House, Heaton Moor, the headquarters of the Stockport East Cheshire and High Peak Spastics Society. The guests included Pat Phoenix (Elsie Tanner of TV's "Coronation Street") and guests from the medical profession, welfare work and the world of sport.

(Edited from the Stockport Advertiser.)

Blackburn—correction

A report in the April issue stating a sum of £132 raised at a function had gone to Blackburn and District Spastics Group was incorrect. The money although in aid of spastics was not sent to this group.

THERE ARE NO

CRISPS

TO EQUAL

SMITH'S

FOR QUALITY AND FLAVOUR

PERSONALITY PARADE

HEADMISTRESS APPOINTED FOR INGFIELD

MANOR

MISS EDNA M. VARTY,

headmistress of Horton Lodge, the special school in Staffordshire, has been appointed headmistress of the Society's new school which opens in the autumn at Ingfield Manor, Five Oaks, near Horsham, Sussex.

She will supervise new methods of teaching educationally sub-normal or retarded children.



SAYS Miss Varty, a Middlesbrough woman who has had previous experience of working with spastics: "Our first aim is to achieve a happy and secure atmosphere for the children. We cannot achieve any measure of success until the children are emotionally secure. I feel sure that all the team chosen to work at Ingfield Manor regard the future as a great challenge.

"If the children leave school feeling that they, in their limited way, have something to contribute to the world, and and that they are acceptable to the public, then we shall feel that we have done a little towards their gaining a normal attitude to life."

Miss Varty began her teaching career at an ordinary school on Tees-side, and then moved to a special school in Coventry. Later she spent three years at Carlson House School for spastics in Birmingham.

Five years ago she went to Switzerland for a year to help a group of nuns to start a spastic unit in a school for the physically handicapped.

In 1957 she was appointed headmistress of Horton Lodge Residential School, Rudyard, near Leek, Staffs., a school for delicate children with a purpose-built cerebral palsy unit (see May issue). While there she founded and be-

came leader of the Spartan Club, to fill a great need in the area where there was a number of severely handicapped adolescents who could not join in normal youth club activities. Under her guidance the club flourished, and now it is represented on the City Youth Council, and has various expanding club activities.

Miss Varty is looking forward to taking up her duties at Ingfield Manor and hopes to have the full co-operation from the neighbours in the area. "I hope that they will soon accept all the children, and staff, as their friends," she said. "It is so important that we do not live in an isolated community."

ROY TYPES PICTURES

Born in 1918 Roy Scott was spastic and as he could not control any of his limbs he was not able to walk or use his hands. In order to do the things other children did, Roy's nose and forehead became his hands. Often he had a paint brush fixed with elastic to his forehead and was painting up to the age of 20. But the painting proving too inaeesthetic he gave it up. "The price of growing up," says Roy.

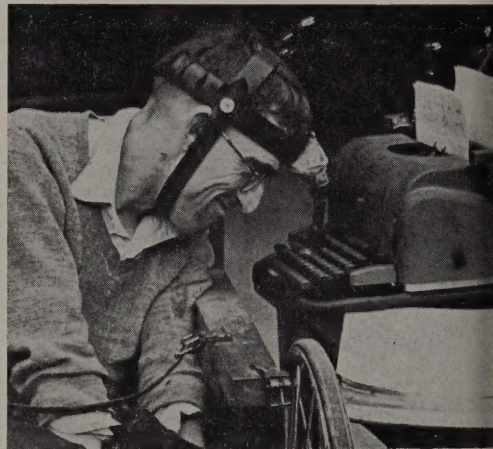
Another interest was sailing boats and Roy loved listening to the plays and talks

on the radio so much that at 20 he could have told anyone how to get anywhere in in any country or how to get underway on a yacht but could not read a line of print.

Then came the idea that a typewriter would help and after acquiring an old one, remembering his painting days, Roy decided to fix a stick to his forehead.

An ordinary typewriter was too heavy, however, only an electric one would serve the purpose and prevent frustrating hours.

Roy got his typewriter and has now learnt to type pictures. "I do them like TV pictures," he says "line by line, only the TV can do 34 every second while it takes me about two days to do one picture. I can, however, do what I tried to in water colour, only now I have more control with a typewriter. I am trying to exchange my present one for a longer carriage for wider pictures.



Roy at Work

"To the designers of hospitals and homes, I should like to say that I wish they included a few small rooms just for hobbies which do not mix, like reading and radio or woodwork and music. I have known a young man spend an afternoon in the smallest room so he could read a book in peace.

"People say I am wonderful doing so much. That is a lot of rot. A lot of handicapped people just do not like to ask for anything, just taking what comes along."

DANISH DELIGHT

by J. LOGGIE WOOD

IT all began two years ago really. Per Sylvest, a spastic, and his wife had started a thriving social club for spastics in Copenhagen. Realising the need for a residential centre for adult spastics, Mrs. Sylvest spent a week, in March 1959, at Prested Hall near Colchester, the N.S.S. centre catering specially for adult spastics, to study the problems involved in running such a place.

Following her visit, a regular exchange of information had gone on between Prested Hall and Copenhagen, to our mutual advantage, the hope being that, in time, an exchange of spastics might be arranged.

It was partly with this in mind that the warden of P. Hall suggested that I might like to be the guinea pig for the scheme. I didn't say no!

I had only ten days to prepare, so it was a bit hectic. But it was fun, tape recording good will messages from our residents, playing them back and typing them for translation when I got there.

The great day came, and my excitement turned to a touch of the jitters when I learned I was not being met at the boat, but had a 5½-hour train journey to do alone—and devil a word of Danish did I know!

Arrived at Esbjerg, some people I had met on the boat insisted on seeing me on to the train. The trip across Denmark involves crossing the Great Belt, a wide channel between Fyn and Zealand, by train and car ferry; it took 1¼ hours to cross, and a friendly Dane—I never met an unfriendly one—took me on deck, brought me a meal, and insisted on paying. This was my first taste of Danish food: it was unpronounceable, unrecognisable, and unforgettably good.

At Copenhagen it was dark when we got in, and I was wondering how I'd get off the train and recognise Mrs. Sylvest on the crowded platform. But I had underestimated her ingenuity: she had half the spastic club scattered all along the platform with strict orders to "act more spastic than usual."

The Sylvests' house was to be my base for the next four weeks and after dinner that evening—there was a cake with "welcome" iced on it—came the pleasure of getting to know each other. Fortunately all but one of the party spoke either English or German, so it was fairly easy going. Those who did speak English spoke it exceedingly well, in fact,

I believe Per Sylvest is responsible for the Danish translation of Dr. Earl Carlson's "Born That Way".

On my third day I was taken to a sheltered workshop, where they lent me a trike. I was following Per across a yard when I heard a voice behind me.

"Please, sir, are you the spastic from England?"

"Fame indeed," I thought as I staggered round on my heels. It was a rather worried looking man about my own age.

He told me he had heard how much I had improved in four years at P. Hall; (goodness knows how); he had an eight-year-old son, a spastic, for whom the doctors could do nothing. He begged me to tell him my "cure". I found it difficult to convince him that, not being a doctor—or even a physio—I could not advise him, especially as I had not even seen the child.

With the trikes—Per had his own—we were able to tour our end of the city. Each weekend I was taken out by car, either on a tour of the city or into the country. My usual driver on these trips was a young lady (!) who had polio (unfortunately her fiancé insisted on coming too!). She drove a Volkswagen converted to hand control.

During the week I visited most of the spastic clinics and units within 15 miles, hoping to see some new treatment or gadget which might be of use over here. I found only one gadget, which I shall describe later.

On these occasions I travelled alone by taxi. The drivers were extremely helpful and never started their clocks till we were on our way.

Tuesdays were club nights and the club which was started over two years ago, was first held in a cellar at the home of Per's brother, a doctor. Now they use the gymnasium of a boys' school.

I was fortunate enough to attend four of these meetings during my stay. The tables were candle-lit, and after the evening's business had been completed coffee and pastries appeared—and quickly disappeared! Then there were discussions and lectures; while I was there a young man told us about his two-year trip round the world, illustrating his talk by slides. Most of it was translated for me by Mrs. Sylvest, so I could follow it fairly well.

Saturdays were open house to spastics at the Sylvests': on one occasion there

were ten of us, including three wheelchairs, in a room 16 ft. x 12 ft. Dinner began at 6.30, the last plum vanished around 12, and at 1.15 a.m. I was drinking ice-cold cream.

Talking of my favourite subject—food—the Danes never eat bacon—they send it all to England; nor do they put butter on their bread—rather do they put bread on their butter. They cook by Mrs. Beaton's standards. One night the sauce for the fish (for six people) contained 6 eggs, ½ lb. of butter, and a pint of double cream. I attended a traditional Danish birthday party during my stay. The menu was small cakes, washed down with hot drinking chocolate well laced with thick cream, followed by piles of ice cream—and then the toasts. Much to my surprise I slept very well that night!

I don't know what Danish telephone charges are, but they must surely be less than ours. I timed some of them; most lasted over 20 minutes and some as long as 40. One wag has said that "In Roman Catholic countries the population bares its soul in the confessional box; in Denmark they use the 'phone box.'"

Cycles are also popular, more so, I think, than in Holland. At every bus and tram terminus in the city there is a huge cycle rack, holding hundreds of machines. I have passed them at all times of the day and never seen more than half a dozen vacant spaces.

All too soon, it seemed, the time came for me to return, with Ingrid, a student of occupational therapy, who is to spend a year at Prested Hall. On the way to the station Mrs. Sylvest made me promise that if I was in need of a friend I would write to her before writing to a stranger. A typical gesture from a Great Dane.

At the station many of the club members were waiting to see us off. Soon the green, twisted spires, the Little Mermaid, the wonderful statues that make London seem so prudish by comparison (those fountains—where the water comes from is nobody's business!), soon all these would be but memories. But I had in my case something more tangible than a mere memory, for I had made recordings of all my friends, and, I am sentimental enough to believe a little of their personalities comes across with their voices.

And the gadget I mentioned earlier. There was one young man who was unable to use his hands, but, with the aid of a rubber-tipped plastic "horn", about nine inches long, strapped to his forehead, he has learned to use an electric typewriter, move pieces on a chess board, and even play the piano!

(Continued on page 15).

THE TEES-SIDE SPASTIC TREATMENT UNIT

Opened by H.R.H. The Princess Royal

THE Tees-side Parents and Friends of Spastics are justly proud of the new £16,000 centre in Middlesbrough, and of the fact that it was officially opened by Her Royal Highness, The Princess Royal.

Her Royal Highness was accompanied by her Lady-in-Waiting, the Vice Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire (Lord Crathorne), Lady Crathorne, the chairman of the Newcastle Regional Hospital Board (Mr. E. F. Collingwood, C.B.E.), the chairman of the South Tees-side Hospital Management Committee (Alderman J. T. Fletcher, J.P.), Mrs. J. T. Fletcher, J.P., the president of the Tees-side Parents and Friends of Spastics (Sir Edward Anderson, J.P.), and Lady Anderson.

After Her Royal Highness had declared the unit open it was dedicated by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Whitby. Thanks were offered to Her Royal Highness by the chairman of the Tees-side Group.

Later, after she had unveiled a commemorative plaque at the unit, the consultants, Dr. D. K. R. Newton and Dr. J. J. Tillie, and the head teacher, Miss E. G. A. Donnelly, and the senior physiotherapist, Miss Joyce Hodge, were presented to her.

Although the official opening was held this year, children had been attending this attractive centre since June of 1960. When I visited it a few weeks ago the original four pupils were old hands who had been joined by 12 others.

Layout of the Unit

The school is in the shape of a stubby L, set around a garden with sand-pit and climbing equipment where children can play in clement weather.

As well as the usual speech and physiotherapy rooms, special toileting accommodation, kitchen and so forth, there is a visitors' room, the head teacher's office, a staff common room, the consultant's room, and adequate space for wheelchairs, special tricycles and equipment. (The school is being used as testing ground for a special new tricycle made all in plastic by I.C.I. If it stands up to spastics it will stand up to anything!) The corridors are wide for easy access of wheelchairs, and the colours are gay and welcoming.

There are two classrooms, the larger one for the junior class being used also as a dining room, for it adjoins the kitchen. When I peeped in, three small girls were playing there with solemn enjoyment, in a dolls' house. It was a large house, unroofed, big enough for them to play in themselves with their families of dolls.

These were the tinies, not yet tackling formal education, but learning nonetheless important lessons in social contacts and behaviour and play therapy.

In the other classroom more advanced work was in progress, with the aid of helpers, for some of the children are severely handicapped. Some were drawing exciting pictures, and one ambitious small boy claimed that he was writing.

As he was about five and this was his second week at school I admired his bluff.

All the children attending the centre daily are educable, although much time and consideration are given to children who may be slow in developing.

Along in the physiotherapy room an older girl was having her physio. She was heavily handicapped, but persevering, and, as she tackled something more difficult her head-shake became more pronounced. Before the therapist folded her long length back into her wheelchair, they had a bouncing, dancing walk round the floor. The girl's face was a solid grin as she was re-dressed and the lace collar of her frock settled in place.

Besides the children who attend the centre daily, 25 others are brought in for additional physiotherapy. This keeps the physiotherapist, Miss Hodge, more than busy.

At the moment, the centre has no speech therapist (in common with many others, the Tees-side Centre is searching desperately for one of these rare birds) and hope that this vacancy will be filled soon for many of the children need this form of treatment.

Co-operation with Local Authorities

The centre works in co-operation with five local authorities, the participating education authorities providing teaching staff, the South Tees-side Hospital Management Committee the therapy and domestic staff, and the Regional Hospital Board being responsible for consultants. Much of the credit lies also with the Tees-side Group who visualised, planned and, after many years' hard work, financed the building of the centre.

The group was originally formed in 1953. Their aims, like most other groups, were to make the needs of their spastic children more widely known and also to found a centre. They knew that money was the main need for the latter and by 1956 felt that they had amassed sufficient funds to discuss their plans with appropriate authorities. This idea was inspired by the Portsmouth Centre which was also the result of co-operation between statutory and voluntary bodies.

Authorities were approached, first the Regional Hospital Board, the Tees-side Hospital Management Committee and the Middlesbrough Corporation, and then county councils, county boroughs and the Ministry of Health. From these a steering committee was formed.

Many consultations took place resulting in a request to the Middlesbrough Corporation to lease a piece of land to the Tees-side Hospital Management Committee for a spastic unit. It was envisaged that this would have places for 20 children and was estimated to cost in the region of £16,000.

The Corporation generously agreed to lease the land at a nominal rent of £1 per annum. A new Department of Physical Medicine is to be built adjoining the centre shortly.

A joint management committee was formed of 11 people, two from the Newcastle Regional Hospital Board, two from

the South Tees-side Hospital Management Committee, two from the Tees-side Parents and Friends of Spastics, two from Middlesbrough Corporation, one from Durham County Council, one from North Riding Council and one from West Hartlepool Corporation.

A small executive committee was appointed from within this committee. It was they who considered the final sketch plans for the centre and building preparations began in June of 1959. A formal stone-laying ceremony was arranged for it was felt that the work of the Tees-side Group in raising the funds deserved special acknowledgement.

Late Chairman the Driving Force

The group chairman, Mr. W. H. Adams, the driving force in most of the fund-raising activities, laid the stone in September of 1959. The completed building was handed over to the South Tees-side Hospital Management Committee on January 11 the following year.

Although Mr. Adams saw completion of the building and the first pupils arrive in June of 1960, he died in December

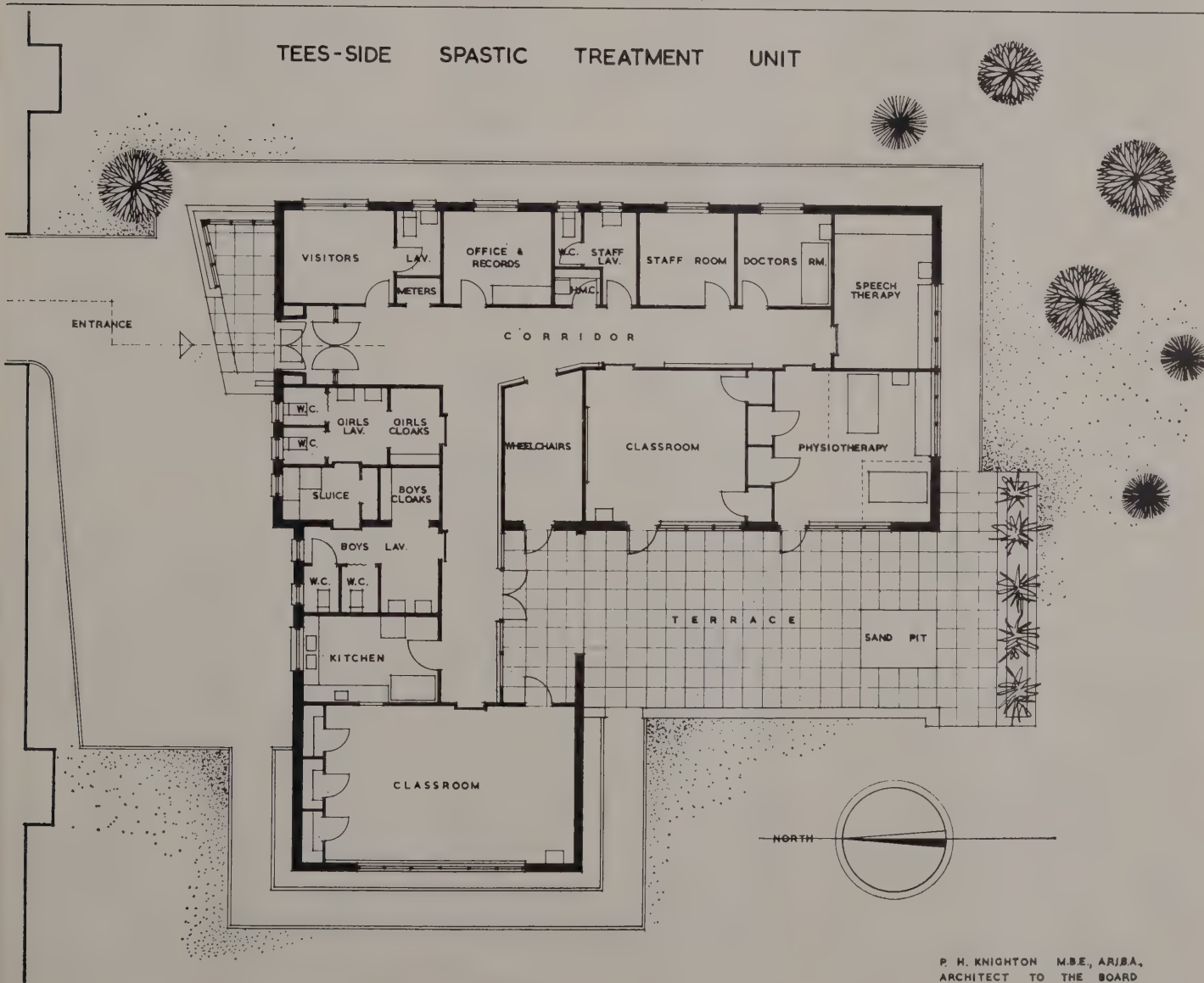
of that year, and all those concerned with the unit were regretful that he could not be with them at its official opening. They felt that the building represented the culmination of his untiring efforts, and now stands as a fitting token of his ideals and endeavours.

Work Must Go On

The Tees-side Group is glad that this task is completed, for although their collection area radiated 16 miles outside Middlesbrough, it meant much hard work, many miles of travel and few evenings off.

Their fund-raising activities go on however, supplementing equipment for the unit, providing help for individual spastics, and financing holidays for them. They are satisfied that spastic children in need of special schooling are being suitably catered for, but realise that there are many others to be helped, and that their work must go on.

With this in mind they are planning a concentrated effort on more welfare work and the establishment of a day work centre.





SCOUTS AND SCOUTING

—Some Scouts' Eye Views



OFTEN in SPASTICS NEWS have we reported on young men and boys who have scored a success in scouting and earlier this year in the March issue we described how to join the movement.

We have now asked one handicapped scout and two scouters for their reports on scouting life and how they feel they have benefited from the Group's ways. It is our belief that these articles will embolden any eligible boy to follow their lead and abide by that great motto — "Be Prepared!"

John Prasher—A Scout

from The Owls,
Wandsworth Group

WHEN I was eight year's old I spent several months in Queen Mary's Hospital, Carshalton. One visiting day when dad and mum came I said:—

"Look, I'm a cub!" and showed them my red scarf. So that was that. The cub meetings in hospital started off my interest in scouting and when I went home Mr. Koop, our Assistant District Commissioner for handicapped scouts arranged for me to join The Owls, Wandsworth.

Every Thursday one of my pals would come and push my wheelchair round to the church hall where I joined in as much as I could of the work and games, and watched the rest. My hands aren't very good, but trying to do knots and bandaging was good exercise for them. Also I made a handy guinea-pig for the others to practice first-aid.

I managed to get my first and second stars and three proficiency badges—toy-makers, artist, and home-craft—which entitled me to my Leaping Wolf badge. For the toy-maker's badge I did a model of the jungle with twigs and moss and plasticine animals. This went into a craft exhibition at Wandsworth Town

Hall during the Scout Golden Jubilee Year, 1957.

Sometimes we went up on the common and had games and did some nature work with the trees. Mum said she always knew when I was coming home from cubs because she heard the old chair coming down the road at a terrific rate, and lots of hefty cub-like feet running behind it.

When I was nearly twelve the great day came to go up to scouts. It took a while to learn the Scout Law and Promise, but at last I knew them, was invested and got into my new uniform. Soon I started working for my 2nd Class badge which I got last year. While I was trying for it I had to remember to relax and speak clearly, or no one would realise how much I knew! Now I am hoping very soon to start trying for my 1st Class badge.

Last summer I had the great thrill of camping down in Sussex with the Agoonoree (a special camp for London Handicapped scouts). We had a simply super time under canvas, despite the awful weather. The helpers were very cheerful and brave, dragging our wheelchairs through the mud. Hats off to them!

This year we are hoping to camp in Holland, which sounds almost too good to be true, doesn't it? I'll tell you about that another time perhaps.

Now if any of you chaps in wheelchairs don't think it any good your joining the scouts, just have another think, You will be welcomed and helped and have interesting things to do and lots of fun. And who knows, some day *you* may be able to help someone else because of what you learned at scouts.

I almost forgot to say that in Bob-a-Job week I get all the neighbourhood silver to clean. I'm beginning to think they save it up for me!

(Signed) JOHN PRASHER.

David Beebee, A.S.M.

5th Ilford Boy Scout Group

"A THOUSAND Years in Thy Sight, are like an Evening Gone." How right Rudyard Kipling was when he wrote this! But it is eleven years since I first joined the 5th Ilford troop to join in B.P.'s game for boys. Now I am an Assistant Scoutmaster of the same troop.

I remember vividly the first time I arrived for the troop evening. What was I in for? My first impression of my new "brothers" was that of real B.P. spirit, kindness, happiness and friendliness.

Shortly after I joined I camped with London handicapped scouts at "Woodlarks" in Surrey. It was quite an experience camping with chaps far more handicapped than I was. A good scout is never idle. I was assured of this because our Group Scoutmaster gave me the job of the troop badge secretary which with the exception of about two years I did until June 1960.

During the following years I pressed on with tests and gained many proficiency badges. Always aiming, with the encouragement of the others, to join in as many activities as possible. In 1951 I ventured with the others on a fortnight's camp on the Isle of Wight. Here I experienced camping with normal boys and thoroughly enjoyed every moment, just because I was treated as one of them, and I'm sure this is the secret of a handicapped lad in a normal troop.

In 1952 I was very fortunate to attend the second international camp for handicapped scouts in Belgium. Apart from camping with many people from overseas, it was an experience travelling abroad for the first time. As I write this now I am wondering what adventures await me at this year's camp in Holland.

When a senior I decided to go on a night hike. I was thankful that no one

tried to talk me out of it and I did survive the 10-mile hike. Since then I've been on many ranging from 8 to 15 miles.

1958 brought the 3rd international camp, this time at the home of scouting, Gilwell Park, not far from London. In February 1959 I received my warrant as Assistant Scoutmaster to the 5th Ilford North.

In this very troubled world I feel that scouts of all nations can do their own bit in creating peace if we all live up to the 4th Scout Law:—

"A scout is a friend to all, a brother to every other scout, no matter to what country, class or creed the other may belong."

Richard Coxhead, Service Auxiliary

11th Forest Hill Scout Group
A 38-year-old chair-bound spastic

MY scouting experiences have been long and very happy, for I joined 14 years ago and have been a cub instructor for 13 years. I also teach at another pack that was in danger of closing down for lack of helpers, and this feeling of usefulness has brought me great happiness. Such is the spirit of scouting that I have never lacked a "pusher" for my wheelchair.

Each year there is camping with the

London Handicapped Scouts and to handicapped scouts it is a great joy to be able to camp under canvas as do our brother scouts.

All these circumstances have made a great difference to my life. They have given it a greater vision and a meaning that it would never have known but for scouting and the many true friends.

John Perr, 225th North London Group

says, "... Dutch scouts sent us some bulbs to grow and such events made me realise that no matter whether you are handicapped or not, in the scouts you are just a scout and you have a code to stand by.

Of his first real camp where he literally had a "whale" of a time he comments, "I can still hear my mum saying, 'You must have had a rough time with all that rain'—but I don't think they understand what scouting really is."

With that remark, we leave it to a reader to add her peroration.

Dear Editor,

I am forwarding a photograph of one of the members of the Sheffield Group as I thought it might be of interest for the magazine.



Malcolm Goodison

Malcolm is a spastic and he belongs to the Infantile Paralysis Group for scouts in Sheffield. In spite of his great handicap he managed to raise the most money in his group for "bob-a-job" week, raising in fact 15s. doing such jobs as scraping off wallpaper for his mother, cleaning shoes and so on. He is a happy lad and loves every minute he spends in the scout movement.

Yours sincerely,
BEATRICE D'ANAS.

RE-AFFILIATION — HUDDERSFIELD & DISTRICT

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee the application of the Huddersfield & District Spastics Society was approved for re-affiliation. The Group has undertaken extremely good work in the area and a resumé of their development is given below.

THE origins of the Society go back to 1949 when a Parents' Group of the N.S.S. was formed. They supported the first national appeal in 1952. A number of outside people were interested and £4,500 was raised—the largest sum raised by any group in the country.

The appeal had aroused so much public sympathy that it was decided to form a society having a wider membership, and in 1953 the present society was formed. Immediately it made a survey of the area and compiled a register of all known spastics. Through their voluntary home visitors it was ascertained where and in what manner help and encouragement was required.

In 1954 the cerebral palsy unit was established at Leeds Road, operating three afternoons a week. At first intended for children, its facilities, which

include physiotherapy, speech therapy, handicraft instruction and educational classes, are now mainly utilised by young adults.

The society started sending spastic children accompanied by a parent in 1956 on seaside holidays and this is now a permanent feature of their activities—cost in 1960, £371.

By 1956 the volume and complexity of the welfare work had become greater than could be managed by voluntary helpers alone and in December of that year a part-time paid welfare officer was appointed. Subsequently this officer had to relinquish the post and he was replaced by a voluntary worker—no less than the Director of Welfare for the County Borough. As the area includes not only the County Borough but also the surrounding areas of the West Riding County Council, this has proved to be an admirable fusion of official and voluntary activities.

In recent months as an experiment, one of the three afternoons is now being run on club lines where it is hoped to achieve good results for those no longer children but adult.

DANISH DELIGHT—(Contd. from p. 11)

At Prested Hall there is a young man who is not only unable to use his hands, but dumb. Now, with the horn Ingrid had sent over for him, he can turn the pages of his book, and, perhaps more important, spell out words on a letter board thus having a means of communication.

I think two experiences stand out in my memory. The first was of an 18-year-old girl in a mental hospital—nowhere else would have her. She was such a bad athetoid that she spent the day lying on her stomach, her arms tied behind her. In this position she spent the day weaving and painting with her mouth. The other was of a boy of about 16, who had been treated for polio. Last spring he had been involved in a road accident in which he had lost both hands. When I met him he had recently been fitted with hooks and was taking his school-leaving exams. I have never known a more cheerful character.

All I can say is, "Thank you, Copenhagen, for a wonderful holiday."



JENNIFER INGOLD



Jennifer on holiday at Llanwrtyd Wells, Wales

—AN EQUESTRIENNE

I FIRST met my spastic friend, Jennifer Ingold, in 1954 when, at the age of 22, she came to an osteopathic clinic to see if we could help her very bad back-ache. She was then wearing knee-length callipers and a surgical corset and also had great difficulty in controlling her hands. I remember being very surprised to learn that she lived alone in a caravan, rode, looked after her own horse and dogs, drove an invalid carriage, and was busy with other things as well.

I soon learnt how important horses were to her as, until she could walk unaided (though with callipers and springs) at 12 years she relied on riding or driving a pony-trap for being independent. She was lucky in coming from a horse-loving family, and was first put on a pony when only two. Incidentally, riding is excellent exercise for spastics, as, not only does it help stretch the spastic thigh adductor muscles but also helps to increase confidence.

Jennifer's pony's tack is quite normal, apart from a neck-strap which is of more psychological than actual help (she has no sense of balance), and Mexican stirrups, which give more support than irons. Her riding, which was always reasonable, has now improved to the stage of her having lessons at one of the biggest riding schools in the country, and she also teaches children, naturally always being very keen to help any other handicapped person.

Jennifer loved all animals, and I remember on one occasion having to share the

caravan with two dogs, a cat, a pair of budgies, two hamsters and a goldfish, whilst outside there were two horses, a goat and some chickens!

Now, however, this menagerie has been reduced to her own grey horse, Silver; Rishan, a foal; and the collies from which she breeds. Rishan is a beautiful part-Arab, and Jennifer plans to break and school him to be her last riding horse for, as she says, "By the time he's 30, I shan't want to ride much more!"

The first holiday that we spent together was, for Jennifer, a repeat of a previous one with another friend. So intrigued was I by her descriptions that I left most of the planning to her and thoroughly enjoyed the whole holiday. It took two days to travel from Maidstone to near Beachy Head, alternately driving the pony-trap laden with our camping gear, food, clothes and two dogs, or riding the spare pony. No wonder we excited some curious stares *en route*!

When our destination was reached, we were greeted very warmly by Jennifer's friends who let us turn the ponies out in their field, provided us with milk from the farm, and let us camp either in or outside a restored Medieval barn (depending on the weather). Each day we rode over the Downs, sometimes collecting mushrooms in a bucket carried on the ponies, and sometimes "parking" the ponies in the car-park at Birling Gap whilst we swam. Jennifer loved being in the sea, although at that time she could

not swim. However she is now learning with her local spastic group. We shared all the camping chores equally except that I used to fetch the ponies from their field as Jennifer found walking at this time a very slow and laborious task.

Last year (four years later) we spent a different sort of riding holiday together, this time in Wales with one of the pony-trekking organisations. Our base was the village inn from where with several other trekkers we rode each day between 15 and 25 miles over the Welsh mountains with local farmers as our guides. The ponies were mainly Welsh mountain ones and a lot of thought went into selecting the right pony for each trekker. For instance, I had a fast, lively pony whilst Jennifer was given an intelligent, reliable one who was not likely to be upset by any sudden movement she might make.

I think Jennifer was a little apprehensive as to what reception a handicapped person would receive, but her fears were soon allayed when she discovered that riding ability was more important than glamour to both the guides and other trekkers. There were about 20 of us trekking that week and Jennifer was always up with the leaders. That this was mainly due to her riding ability was shown one day when someone else rode her pony, Brandy, and was never seen in the front group at all. The only difficulty Jennifer really found was when we had to lead our ponies down very steep slopes and at the bottom even I found my knees trembling. However Brandy made an

understanding support and Jennifer managed well, if slowly.

Jennifer still lives in her caravan, which as she once told me, is ideal for a spastic as there is not too much housework, and not much room to fall over. Now that she is so much improved she would love to have a cottage with a paddock for her horses. She no longer wears any callipers and can wear ordinary shoes instead of surgical boots. All her limbs are affected and she finds difficulty in controlling her hands but this does not stop her finding new hobbies such as assembling model toys or painting. In fact one of her oil paintings was one of my most prized wedding presents for I knew what hard work there was behind it. I was also very flattered when she drove 50 miles each way in her invalid carriage to come to my wedding. This trip was a mere nothing, though, to someone who has driven from Kent to Cornwall or Wales on several occasions. She still attends the clinic regularly and is now the relief almoner there, a step which none of us would have thought possible when we first saw her seven years ago.

A.R.B.

PASSING THE TIME AWAY

“WELL it helps to pass the time away.” I wonder how many spastics have had this silly remark made to them? I certainly have, hundreds of times. Nevertheless I don't need anything to help pass my time; in many ways I should like to fit more hours into each day.

Very few people seem to realise that spastics can and do have a busy life and a happy one.

I'm quite sure I get more pleasure out of knitting or sewing than anyone with the full use of their hands. It takes much effort for me to knit but when someone admires the finished article I can say with pride, “I made it.”

How sad it is that more often than not the reply is, “How nice, gives you something to do.” And back we are to that question of passing the time.

I wonder what other readers think about this question and how do you deal with it? In the April article on house magazines Judith Ann Goddard is so right.

It took me many years to learn to knit, much against the approval of friends and relations who informed me it was a waste of wool, time and money. I just kept on going, slowly but surely. The important thing to remember is not to

Christine Onyett concentrates on working her knitting machine



continue with something that is too difficult for too long. Put it away and come back to it the next day.

I know one does become disheartened by mistakes and the slow pace, doing everyday acts most able bodied people take for granted but never mind, you just say to yourself, “I can and I will. Each day I get better and better.” It works, I know it does, so why not have a go yourself.

Wishing our Women in Mind column every success.

JEAN CRAIG,
Reading, Berks.

CHRISTINE'S KNITTING MACHINE

AND here is another young woman who is entirely in agreement with Jean. Her mother wrote to “Women in Mind” to tell us about her daughter Christine's progress. The picture of 24-year-old Christine Onyett working a knitting machine had been sent up for last year's photographic competition. Although it didn't win a prize we were intrigued with the young lady intent on her work and wanted to know more about her.

Mrs. Onyett writes, “Christine can only walk around the house and we did so want to find something for her to do so we decided to get a knitting machine.”

“People said she wouldn't manage the machine, but with the courage Christine

had we knew she would master it in time. Now orders for jumpers, cardigans, and in fact any knitted article, flock in and in winter she is generally fully booked up with orders. Although I do the sewing of the garments because the needle is too fine for her right hand, Christine works out all the patterns and knows exactly how much wool is required for each garment.”

“I can only say to any mother of a spastic child, try and you will find out how clever your child can be. We sent our daughter to the *Queen Elizabeth Training College* at Leatherhead to learn to read and write because she had no schooling, and have found that she has mastered everything she really wanted to do.”

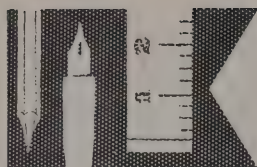
Classified Ads.

As Mr. E. H. Lelliott's spastic son can only wear shoes of odd sizes, he has spare at the moment a left foot overshoe, size 9, and a right foot overshoe, size 7. Any reader with, or knowing of, a child who could make use of these shoes, please contact Mr. Lelliott at 56 Etta Street, London, S.E.8.

Houseparent or Mother's Help needed for the summer holidays to look after an intelligent attractive girl of 13. Severe spastic.

Happy home at Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

Please reply in first instance to: Miss E. F. Townsend, Senior Social Worker, National Spastics Society, 12 Park Crescent, W.1.



EMPLOYMENT CORNER

The Employment Department has news of the following young people being successfully placed:

Iris Beasley, of **Gosport**, started training at Woodlarks workshop in July.

Sheila Bennett, of **Wallasey**, after training at Tickpres, is now working as a Tickpres operator with a Liverpool firm.

Dennis Cooper, of **Carshalton**, has obtained a clerical post in a business firm after training at Endeavour Work Centre, Epsom.

Jacqueline Cotton, who is leaving Wilfred Pickles' School this term, has been accepted for training at St. George's House, Harrogate.

Frederick Egan, of **London**, is attending a day college for clerical training.

Janet Forsyth, of **Hounslow**, is working at an Isleworth firm as a clerk.

Rosalind Gooding, of **Stroud**, after training at Sherrards, is drilling and engraving in a local firm.

Richard Griffiths, of **Bishops Stortford**, is helping in a stationer's and newsagent's shop.

Thomas Grinter, of **Taunton**, who was on one of our Assessment Courses, is now working at a glove manufacturers.

David Marlow, of **Epsom**, after attending the Endeavour Work Centre, has started work as a clerk.

Gillian Nixon, of **Guildford**, will shortly be commencing training at a secretarial school.

Ismay Phipps, of **Eire**, after three weeks' temporary work with the National Spastics Society, has now obtained a position in the British Legion.

Elizabeth Robertson, of **Glasgow**, after training at Stockport Centre, is now a Tickpres operator with a Glasgow paper mill.

Patricia Rolfe, of **Acton**, is busily engaged in a printing firm. **Frederick Rushby**, of **Grimsby**, who trained at Sherrards, is working for a local box company.

Margaret Scott, of **Scotland**, has been working for some months as a Tickpres operator with a Glasgow firm, after training at Stockport.

Valerie Williams, of **Wallasey**, who also trained at the Stockport Centre, is operating a Tickpres machine for a well-known company.

John Wills, of **Bradford**, after training, is also a Tickpres operator with an electrical company.

Quotation from an interview with 52-year-old spastic:

"I went to a backward school—but I was too forward!"

Assistant Employment Officer.

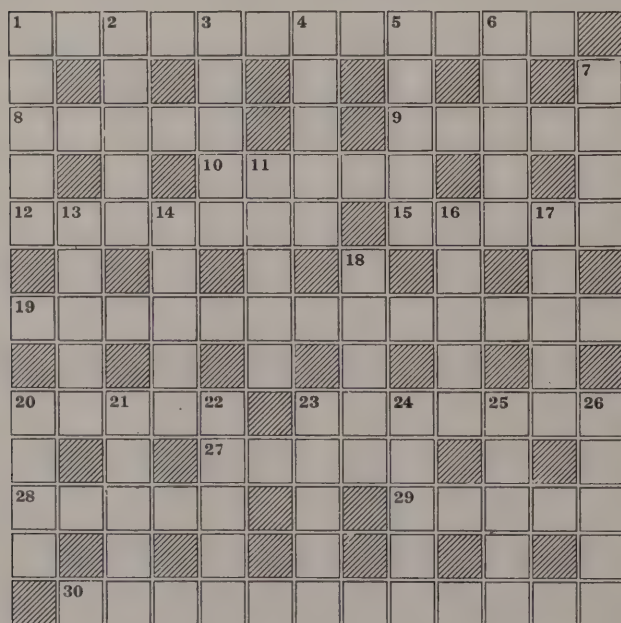
COACH SEATS TO COLWYN BAY

MISS A. E. KIDDER, secretary of the Bedford & District Branch of the N.S.S. is taking their young adult spastics to stay at Coed Emrys, Colwyn Bay on August 26, returning on September 2.

There will be about 15 seats available on the coach and as this is very costly Miss Kidder is prepared to pick up anyone *en route*, or as the coach will return empty bring anyone in this direction and take them back when it comes for the Bedford holidaymakers.

Cost from Bedford to Colwyn Bay is £2 return—cheap at the price! Anyone interested should contact Miss Kidder at Drayton House, 73 Bromham Road, Bedford, as soon as possible.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 15



ACROSS

1. See 12. 5, 7.
8. He's the very devil! 5.

9. "Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang . . . s
With a new colour as it gasps away."—Byron. 5.
10. Chafes at the sound of ancient Frenchmen. 5.
12 and 1. A storm in Will's tea-cup! 4, 3, 5, 7.
15. Father to the whole Roman Empire. 5.
19. Blush as wrecks turn quite flamboyant. 13.
20. The reptile inspires dread. 5.
23. Have they really to be old to be artistic? 7.
27. Took a picture in part a rare animal. 5.
28. Usually rousing, unusually frightening! 5.
29. The lowest possible in stardom. 5.
30. Perhaps he has always yearned for a leading string. 6, 6.

DOWN

1. Like uncle across the Pond in India. 5.
2. Of course this topic includes a pupil. 5.
3. Tag on to one of the Friendly group. 5.
4. Nothing either end of a small volume to interest architects. 5.
5. Among the crowd I easily get a lift. 5.
6. No, Robert, 'tis but a princeling! 5.
11. The building material might make a dwelling. 5.
13. Single in the view of the poet maybe. 5.
14. Comparatively said to be less speedy. 5.
16. Doubtless one of the silent creeks. 5.
17. One in a Shakespearean comedy perhaps. 5.
18. Terriers thrive on it. 5.
20. Thoroughbred gamin? 4.
21. His Pelican turned Golden Hind. 5.
22. Rosaline would none of him! 5.
23. In contrast to 13. 5.
24. Alias Horeb. 5.
25. Indeed it may be finished after I leave. 5.
26. Red material? 5.

I CAN MANAGE

by Dora Howell



Dora on holiday at Clacton just before the outbreak of war in 1939

CHAPTER XVIII

SO that afternoon we went to visit our new home. It was a nice little villa, very much like our own home had been. Mrs. Blank went to the door leaving mother and I in the car. We saw a tall thin woman open the door. She looked pleasant but beneath there was a certain hardness. She came forward and said, "May I help you out of the car?" "Yes, I'm sure they would like to see their new home," said Mrs. Blank smiling at me.

She helped me out and Mrs. Blank assisted mother. "I hope they are going to be happy with me," the woman remarked, making it plain on the way inside that she expected us to pay half of her expenses and when she had visitors, our place would be in the kitchen. Mrs. Blank made a face at this. Mother was very pleased with the rooms and it was arranged for us to move in after the weekend.

So we returned with our dear Mrs. Blank who asked me what I thought about the rooms and Mrs. X. I looked at mother and replied, "Well, the rooms are very nice, but I am not so sure about the lady!" Mrs. Blank smiled and remarked, "That's exactly my opinion, but I shall not be far away."

Mother said, "Oh, for goodness sake, give the poor soul a chance. She seemed quite nice to me." I said, "We shall see, I can't help being psychic."

That evening when we were all sitting round the fire together I was looking very sad. Mrs. Blank said, "Come on Dora, cheer up and tell us something funny." "Oh, yes, there is a story I want to tell you," I replied, and related the following:—

"When I was on the beach one day with another spastic friend two old ladies who were very Victorian came over and said primly, 'You poor things, what is wrong with you?' Margery was always very sensitive about her disability and became upset. But I had an answer read, 'A flea has bitten me, and a bee has stung Margery'. They were so shocked they picked up their skirts and hurried away."

Mrs. Blank and Rose were in fits of laughter over this and Mrs. Blank said, "That's a brave way of accepting your affliction."

We arrived at our new billet in time for dinner. The children had returned from school and were sitting at the table, Doris was eight and Joe ten. They looked very happy little children except when their mother frowned at them, they looked frightened at this.

It had already been explained to Mrs. X that my table manners of necessity were rather peculiar and she made me

feel that she was used to children and having two of her own, Doris and Joe, would therefore treat me as one of them, but after a few weeks I felt our life was too good to be true.

One evening sitting by the fire she said quite bluntly that her children did not like watching me. So mother asked her if we had offended her in any way. The answer was that she really wanted her home to herself and then that she had been given the chance to board some college boys who would pay her more money.

At this I spoke up saying, "But really Mrs. X my table manners are improving I can feed myself now except for holding a cup and although I have tried all my life to do this, so far I have not succeeded." She tossed her head and said angrily, "My children are losing their appetites, watching you". This was *too* much! "Well!" I replied furiously, "if a kipper, eight slices of bread and butter, jam *and* cake is losing an appetite then I hope I never get one."

She flew at me like a tigress saying, "How dare you criticize my children? That finishes it—from now on you take your meals upstairs!" Mother, who had been standing near me silently, said quietly with dignity, "I think Mrs. X, this is all very uncalled for. There is nothing unsightly about my daughter. She is used to having her meals in good company, as for the children she loves them and they seem to love her. But remember Mrs. X, we all have a right to live." Turning to me she said, "Come on Dora we will retire to our room."

The week that followed was perfect misery. Mother was compelled to do our washing including bed linen, although she had bad bronchitis. The only contact we had with Mrs. X was a brief "Good Day." The children were sweet but afraid of their mother.

Eventually this came to the attention of Mrs. Blank who naturally was horrified and she promised to get fresh billets for us as soon as possible

A week later mother fell really ill and when I decided to ask Mrs. X if she would call a doctor, she retorted angrily, "No, why should I she is not *mine*!" I pleaded with her, "Well, will you make her a cup of tea, please?" "I won't go near your cupboard!" "Then please sell me one from your pot for a shilling?" "All right, Doris can bring one up," she relented. The little girl arrived with one cup of tea for mother. I was hoping that she would send one for me as well as my mouth watered for one, but no such luck!

When Doris had left the room I prayed for the strength to reach the telephone box outside, to ring Mrs. Blank, although I had never attempted such a thing before, and was

worried about my unsteady hand. I wriggled myself down the stairs and reached the phone box unassisted, but found I could *not* open the door. Tears of humiliation were streaming down my face when a gentleman came to my assistance and kindly offered to telephone for me.

But returning home the stairs again presented a problem to my now shaking knees. Whilst gripping the bannister I said a silent prayer and reached the top, but turning the corner too quickly banged my head. It made me feel giddy but I pulled myself together, saying, "Come on Dora, you have work to do." Mother was still shaking and extremely upset. I took her hand in mine. "Don't worry, my dear," I comforted her, "God will provide as He always has." Very roughly and clumsily I straightened her bed and wiped her face with a wet flannel. Mother smiled sadly, "Love will find a way, won't it dear?" I replied, "Yes darling and it always will with us," and sat down exhaustedly beside the bed.

It was not long before Mrs. Blank and the doctor arrived, shown in Mrs. X.

The doctor diagnosed bronchitis and shingles and insisted on bed until the shingles at least were better. "Oh, dear, what will happen to my daughter?" mother exclaimed. Mrs. Blank laughed, "Oh dear, *what* a pair, they both worry about each other."

On the doctor's departure Mrs. Blank arranged everything with Mrs. X who promised to get our meals.

The week that followed was rather lonely and worrying for me. Mrs. X did her part and seemed quite affable. I discovered later from Doris that Mrs. Blank was paying Mrs. X thirty shillings extra for her services. Mother gradually improved and began to get up again but her nerves were very bad. The doctor often called in for a chat. He told Mrs. Blank the sooner we got away the better. I was getting very thin and pale as the room was very small and the only view was a brick wall.

The only people we could think of were Margery and her father who lived near Tonbridge. So we wrote, and a nice reply came from Margery's father saying they would be delighted to have us and although they had not sufficient sleeping accommodation they had made arrangements for this at the village inn.

CHAPTER XIX

MARGERY and her father were thrilled to see us and we soon settled down to life in "The Bull". The landlady, Mrs. Kingdom, was more than helpful and as mother said quietly to me, "What a change from a devil to an angel." Mrs. X had evidently told mother that I was not being properly cared for and that it should be reported so that I could be put into a home. Naturally mother was scared to be ill in case Mrs. X would seize the chance to carry out her threat.

"I hope *that* will never be your lot," assented mother, "with all your brothers and sisters to care for you."

Life went on fairly smoothly but mother still fretted about the family in London and news came that my dog Bonzo had been put into a home which had been hit in an air-raid and all the dogs were dead. I was broken-hearted, as I really loved Bonzo very much and told Mr. Kingdom that I was afraid to get too happy, because something terrible always happened.

The weeks that followed were not very happy. Mother's nerves were getting worse and the doctor said she ought to go into hospital for a rest which meant I had to go with her. The only place where we could go was a Public Assistance Infirmary (workhouse) and arrangements were made for us

to be admitted as soon as possible. Also news arrived from my friend Vi, who had now been married for eight years, that her husband was very ill and this added to my personal worries.

The infirmary was a large dreary building with high walls, seeming more of a prison than a home, especially when a man came out with a huge key to unlock the massive dark front door.

Mother looked at me with tears in her eyes, "Its prison," she said, "PRISON". I put my arms tightly round her and said, "No darling, it isn't and we shall be together"—although I felt like screaming. A nurse in check uniform came forward and said, "So *you* are the new patients." I said, "It's my mother who needs help, *I* can manage." We were escorted through a dark hall when another nurse appeared with the following directions, "Put the young patient in the lower ward and the older one upstairs!" "Oh, *please* I can't part with her," mother pleaded, "Please nurse for her sake let me go with her," I declared, "She won't get better unless we are together." So we stayed together.

The ward was very dark and whitewashed containing four beds. Red blankets were on the beds and very coarse linen, but spotlessly clean. A little old lady lay opposite continuously talking to herself. The other occupant was just a bundle of humanity who never moved or spoke. Just washed and fed she had been in this condition for 18 years! I said to the nurse, "Oh why doesn't God take them Home?" "So you believe in God do you? That's more than I do," she replied with a sneer. "If you are here long enough, you won't either."

To my surprise mother grabbed nurse's hand and said with spirit, "Don't spoil my daughter's faith, she helps herself and other people." I put my arms round her and said, "Don't worry mother. Nothing can pluck me out of HIS HAND."



*Dora being
invested as a
Girl Guide*

Mother was put into bed. They would not let her wear her own nightdress but gave her an ugly grey garment which made her look very old and ill. I had the greatest difficulty in preventing myself from breaking down. Mother began to cry when she saw me putting on a similar grey garment, but I did a little dance singing to her, "Ain't she sweet." She grabbed me to her saying, "Yes, she is sweet" and then she sobbed her heart out. My own was breaking, but I continued to pray for courage. We were kissing each other as the door opened and the old lady opposite to us shouted out, "There's a young couple in that there bed and it ain't decent, it ain't! I ain't going to sleep in here. I ain't." The nurse smoothed that one over!

The weeks that followed were rather indifferent, the food was terrible but we were not altogether unhappy, because the nurses were very kind and mother and I had each other. The doctor visited each day and would quote "Mind over matter will prevail."

When we got up disaster befell us. We were shown into a large bare room where all the inmates were dressed alike, in depressing clothes.

We were a mixed crowd. Some ill, some senile, some talking continually to themselves.

Their condition distressed mother very much and one night she became quite hysterical becoming really ill and eventually unconscious. The doctors came and the nurse broke the news to me, "You must be brave, her heart is failing dear." I cried, "Oh no, she can't go now, she musn't leave me here."

Nurse took me by the shoulder and shaking me exclaimed, "Now, you must pull yourself together as you always have."

CHAPTER XX

THAT night I prayed long and hard that mother would get well and in the morning my first thought was of mother, but I was afraid to turn my head. When I did look I was rewarded by a charming smile and, "Good morning, darling, I feel better."

I jumped out of bed and hugged her to me. "Mother, I knew HE would answer my prayer." "Yes, my dear I am going to get well and get out of here." When the doctor came he walked straight over to mother and tested her heart, gave me a charming smile and said, "It's a miracle, a *real* miracle."

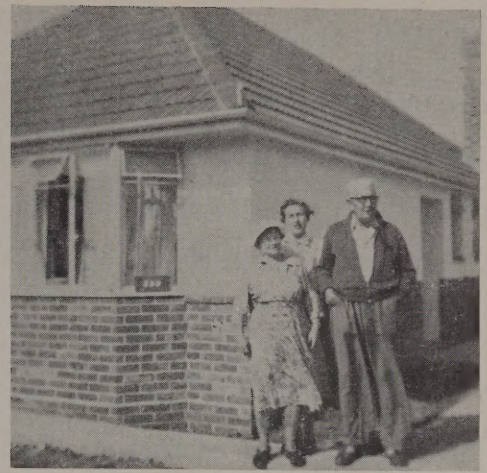
Mother seemed to get on rapidly. As the doctor had said it was a case of "mind over matter."

But I was beginning to feel very weary and as my back and legs grew painful I began to wonder if I should be taken off my legs again.

Ten days passed by normally and then we were taken back to "The Bull". Mr. and Mrs. Kingdom were waiting for us and seemed very pleased to see us. So once again mother and I were happily installed in our old surroundings.

I was feeling very strung up myself and kept praying to keep my health until one evening when mother was telling me all her troubles with no warning I began to shake all over. Mother rushed to get Mrs. Kingdom but when she came in I could not speak. They phoned for a doctor who arrived within an hour. "I expected this before now," he remarked, "the strain and worry has been too much for her." Then he turned to mother and said, "You must try to be a little more cheerful for *her* sake. I know you feel pretty rough and the worry is killing both of you. You would be better off in your own home with your children, even if there are air raids."

Mother was sent out of the room and Mrs. Kingdom came back and held my hand tightly, "Do try to speak." I shook my head and tried to point to the door wanting to be alone.



Sister Lily,
husband and
niece

Tears came into her big brown eyes. "I'll go in a minute, dear," she said, "I haven't been on my knees for years, but I am going to now." Kneeling down she talked to God in her own words, some which I remember.

Oh God, help this poor girl that has given her life to You and her mother. You are supposed to know all, so make this girl cry and so bring her back to health and happiness so that she can make many others happy as she always does, then a little louder, "I hope You are listening to me. Amen."

She looked up at me with tears running down her face and then my own flood gates burst. At this, she looked towards the ceiling and said, "Thank you God."

I was kept in bed for three weeks, but the pain in my back prevented me from sleeping much. My longing to go home was great and I had made up my mind to do this when the raids abated.

This was spring and I felt like winter, nevertheless I was determined to get better and away from my depression.

Another fortnight went by and I was able to walk again.

One day, Mrs. Kingdom asked to speak to us and informed us that her husband required us to leave. Completely overwhelmed, mother wept. "I want—to—g—go—home." That did seem to be the answer. I asked God to show me a way to get home and what I ought to do. Opening my bible the first words I saw were "*I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.*" Just as I was about to close the book my eyes fell on these words also, "*Flee thee unto thine own city.*" Then I knew I had to take the plunge.

I lay back to think. I had better let Harry and the rest know. But it would be no use for them to refuse us as my mind was made up. We would go a week today and catch an 11 o'clock coach.

When Mrs. Kingdom came up with our breakfast I told her and mother of my plans. Mrs. Kingdom said, "But darling you can't go back to air raids it would be murder." Mother gripped my arm saying, "We don't care, do we? as long as we are together." "No," I agreed. Then turning to Mrs. Kingdom I said, "Don't you remember what doctor said?" "Yes, but he also said, it would not be so good for *you*." I shrugged my shoulders, "Ah, he doesn't know I'm tough. Will you write a letter for me please to my brother telling him of our plans."

"I will go and write it straight away," Mrs. Kingdom agreed. "Thank you, please put a postscript saying, 'Don't say we can't come. My mind is made up.'" She hugged me to her, "You are a very brave girl, but you have a lot to learn I am afraid."

(To be concluded)

Group Alterations

New Officials:

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Chairman:

THE REV. L. J. READING,
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Tel. Maidenhead 3624.

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Secretary:

MRS. G. M. EDWARDS,
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Ponterfract.
Tel. Ponterfract 2665.

SOUTH EAST SURREY SPASTICS GROUP

The Chairman:

LESLIE L. BRACE, ESQ.,
of "Acocot", Meltus Road, Merstham, will
in future also be acting as the Group's
Secretary. Joint Secretary: Mrs. Lilian
K. Brace.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA & DISTRICT SPASTICS SOCIETY

Secretary:

L. S. LOCK, ESQ.,
226 Mendip Crescent,
Westcliff-on-Sea.

Change of Address:

SHEFFIELD & DISTRICT SPASTICS SOCIETY

Chairman:

W. MARSHALL ESQ.,
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Nr. Sheffield, Yorks.

Correction:

BRADFORD & DISTRICT

Hon. Treasurer:

M.B. not J. W. HALL, ESQ.

BACKACHE?



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A couple of hours gardening after a hard day's work can bring an ache that must be relieved. Put your tools away, come indoors, sit down and take 3 'Aspro' tablets. That will ease your ache, and let you enjoy the rest of the evening.



Classified Ads.—cont.

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Eastern Region

(Harry G. Knight, 58 Park Road, Peterborough, Northants.
Tel: Peterborough 67045)

Chesterfield and District Spastics Society
Corby and District Spastics Society
Derby and District Branch of NSS
Grimsby, Cleethorpes and District Spastics Society
Ipswich and East Suffolk Spastics Society
Leicester and Leicestershire Spastics Society
Lincoln Branch
Mansfield and District Friends of Spastics Group
Norfolk and Norwich Spastic Association
Northampton and County Branch of NSS
Nottingham Friends of Spastics Group (Sub-Committee of Nottingham District Cripples Guild)
Peterborough and District Spastics Group
Scunthorpe and District Spastic Society
Stamford and District Branch of NSS

Midland Region

(Officer to be appointed in 1961)

Cannock Chase Spastic Association
Coventry and District Spastics Society
Dudley and District Spastic Group
Ludlow and District Spastics Group
North Staffordshire Spastic Association
Shrewsbury and District Spastics Group
Stafford and District Spastic Association
Worcester and District Branch of NSS

North Eastern Region

(Roland J. F. Whyte, N.S.S. Trevelyan Chambers, 7 Boar Lane, Leeds 1. Tel: Leeds 33933)

Barnsley and District Association of the NSS
Bradford and District Branch of the NSS
Castleford and District Spastics Committee
Darlington and District Spastics Society
Dewsbury and District Spastics Society
Goole and District Spastics Association
Halifax and District Group of the NSS
Huddersfield and District Spastics Society
Hull Group, The Friends of Spastics Society in Hull and District
Leeds and District Spastics Society
Pontefract and District Spastics Association
Rawmarsh and Parkgate Spastics Society
Sheffield and District Spastics Society
Sunderland and District Spastics Society
Tees-side Parents and Friends of Spastics
York and District Spastic Group

North Western Region

(Thos. H. Keighley, 20 Brazennose Street, Manchester)

Barrow-in-Furness and District Spastic and Handicapped Children's Society

Birkenhead Spastic Children's Society
Blackburn and District Spastics Group
Blackpool and Fylde Spastic Group
Bollington, Macclesfield & District Group
Bolton and District Group of the NSS
Burnley Area and Rossendale Spastics Group
Chester and District Spastics Association
Crewe and District Spastics Society
Crosby and District Spastics Society
Cumberland, Westmorland and Furness Spastics Society
Lancaster, Morecambe and District Spastics Society
Manchester and District Spastics Society
Oldham and District Spastic Society
Preston and District Spastic Group
Sale, Altrincham and District Spastics Society
Southport, Formby and District Spastics Society
Stockport, East Cheshire and High Peak Spastics Society
Urmston and District Group of the NSS
Warrington Group for the Welfare of Spastics
Widnes Spastic Fellowship Group

Northern Home Counties Region

(Robert C. Lemarie, 32 High Street, Watford. Tel: Watford 41565)

Bedford and District Branch of NSS
Bishop's Stortford and District Group, Herts Spastics Society
Central Middlesex Spastics Welfare Society
Clacton and District Group of the NSS
Colchester and District Group of the NSS
East Herts Group, Herts Spastics Society
East London Spastic Society
Epping Forest and District Branch of NSS
Essex Group of the NSS
Harlow and District Branch
Hatfield Group and District Spastics Society
Hemel Hempstead and District Group, Herts Spastics Society
Hitchin and District Friends of Spastics
Ilford, Romford and District Spastics Association
Luton and District Spastics Group
Maidenhead Friends of Spastics Group
North London Area Association of Parents and Friends of Spastics
North-West London Group of the NSS
Oxfordshire Spastics Welfare Society
Reading and District Spastics Welfare Society
Slough and District Spastics Welfare Society
Southend-on-Sea and District Spastics Society
South-West Middlesex Group of the NSS
St. Albans and District Group, Herts Spastics Society
Walthamstow and District Spastics Society
Watford and District Group, Herts Spastics Society

Welwyn Garden City and District Group, Herts Spastics Society
Wycombe and District Spastics Society

South-Eastern Region

(Simon T. Langley, 137 Upper Grosvenor Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
Tel: Tunbridge Wells 21980)

Bournemouth, Poole and District Spastic Society
Brighton, Hove and District Branch of the NSS
Central Surrey Group of the NSS
Croydon and District Branch of the NSS
East Sussex Group (Hastings and District)
Folkestone and District Branch of NSS
Isle of Wight Spastics Society
Maidstone Area Group of the NSS
Medway Towns Branch of NSS
North Hants and West Surrey Group
North Surrey Group of the NSS
North-West Kent Spastics Group
North-West Surrey Group of the NSS
Portsmouth and District Spastics Society
Southampton and District Spastics Association
South-East London Group of the NSS
South-East Surrey Group of the NSS
South London Group of the NSS
South-West London and District Group of the NSS
South-West Surrey Group of the NSS
Thanet Group of the NSS
Tunbridge Wells, Tonbridge and Area Group
West Kent Spastics Society—Incorporating Bromley and District Spastics Group

Welsh Region (including Mon.)

(Brian Kingsley-Davies, Delfryn, Clevedon Avenue, Sully, Glam. Tel: Sully 384)

Cardiff and District Spastic Association
Colwyn Bay and District Branch of the NSS
Conway and District Branch of NSS
Kenfig Hill and District Spastics Society
Merthyr Tydfil and District Spastics Society
Pontypridd and District Branch of the NSS
Swansea and District Spastic Association

Western Region

(John J. Walch, St. John House, Park Street, Taunton, Somerset. Tel: Taunton 81678)

Bridgwater and District Friends of Spastics Association
Bristol Spastics Association
Cheltenham Spastics Aid Association
Plymouth Spastic (CP) Association
Swindon and District Spastic Society

Jersey Branch of the NSS, Channel Islands

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(These are just a few quotes from many glowing letters)

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INDIVIDUAL SCHOOL TABLE